

FARM AND HOME.

Farm-Rakings.

The brown or rusty orange is sweeter and can be kept longer than the bright fruit.

BORGHUM seed is readily eaten by poultry, and is better for small chickens than corn.

BROOKWHEAT given to hens makes the yolk of their eggs a very light yellow. More corn will increase the color.

Two cows well sheltered in winter will produce more milk and butter than will three who have no shelter, though no more than half the feed required for the three should be given the two.

In some parts of Southern Illinois vegetables are raised in advance of the season in open ground by conducting heated air or steam in pipes running at some distance under the surface of the earth.

TURKEY is a large demand for good road and carriage horses. Farmers who have sound, well-bred, stylish animals, from fifteen and a half to sixteen hands high, are receiving good prices for them.

NOTWITHSTANDING the stringent measures adopted by Great Britain to extirpate pleuro-pneumonia and foot and mouth disease, outbreaks of both of these contagious diseases are not infrequent.

HENRY QUIMBY, of the Western New York Farmers' Club, thinks that a 100-acre farm will produce more with one-fifth of it judiciously planted to timber than if the whole surface were kept under the plow.

A NEW JERSEY farmer reports that a dressing of eight bushels per acre of salt to land badly infested with white grubs enabled him to raise good crops for three years past, which was impossible previous to this application.

By all means, says the *American Bee Journal*, kee-keepers should provide for the future by planting honey-producing trees. One of the best is the basswood. Do not let a spring pass without doing something in the line of providing for the future in this way.

"H. G." sends the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman* a cure for kicking cows, as follows: "Take a rope or strap long enough to go around her body, put it around just behind her forelegs; tie or buckle it, then take a stick one or two feet long, put it through under the strap and twist it tight. It is a sure cure."

J. N. NIXON, of Warsaw, Ill., cleared his orchard of canker-worms by spraying the trees once with a solution made as follows, according to the *Farmers' Review*, and applied with a force-pump: "He boiled six pounds of arsenic in sixty gallons of water to dissolve it, and then reduced it to one pound in 150 gallons."

THE *New England Homestead* puts forth the following potato notes: "The Burbank Seedling potato is 'soggy' although a great yielder. It will have to 'step down and out.' I planted some Magnum Bonum potatoes last spring and they yielded twice as much as the Early Rose. The quality is as good and they are perfectly free from rot."

THE *Cultivator and Country Gentleman* says of seeding with oats: "Seeding with oats is quite uncertain, and often fails unless the quantity of oats sown is small. By using one bushel or less of oats to the acre, the success is fair, but not so good as sowing the clover seed with a rather thin crop of spring wheat. Winter rye is the best crop with which to sow grass seed."

MARSHAL P. WILDER, the veteran horticulturist, thinks the statement that the Franconia raspberry is unproductive is a mistake, and says that many of the so-called Franconias are not the true sort. He adds that it is not judicious to plant a new variety where a previous bed of raspberries has stood, for the roots of the old kind sometimes remain in the ground and come up again.

THE *London Live Stock Journal* gives two methods of starting a balky horse: "First, tire your steed out by remaining perfectly quiet until he starts of his own accord. Second, when a horse refuses to draw at all, put him in a cart in a shed and keep him there until he walks out. In one instance the obstinate one was thirty hours in the shafts before he gave in."

QUINBY, the well-known writer on bee culture, says of catnip for bees: "If there is any article that I would cultivate especially for honey, it would be catnip. I find nothing to surpass it. This is high authority, and ought to entitle this common but little-utilized product of nature to a place among the valuable things of the farm. It is but another instance that goes to show that our people fail to utilize the native resources of their farms as they should. They have not learned the value of the things they tread upon and often ruthlessly destroy."

ALTHOUGH garden seeds, originally good and carefully preserved, will often germinate and grow at a much greater age than that given in the following table, their vitality is likely to be more or less impaired, as proved by practical experiment, which has fixed upon the figures cited as covering in years the

limit of safety: Beans, 2; beet, 5; cabbage, 4; carrot, 2; cauliflower, 3; celery, 3; corn, 2; egg plant, 2; cucumber, 5; lettuce, 3; melon, 5; onion, 2; parsley, 3; parsnip, 1; peas (round), 2; peas (wrinkled), 1; pepper, 2; pumpkin, 4; radish, 4; squash, 5; spinach, 2; tomato, 5; turnip, 5; salsify, 2.

An exchange gives the following statement of an orchard successfully pastured by sheep and hogs: "The orchard occupies thirty-two acres, and is made the run of thirty hogs and 150 or 200 sheep and lambs during the summer. Enough grain or bran are given them to place them in good condition. They eat every blade of grass and green things close down, and every fallen apple as soon as dropped, for which purpose sheep are better than hogs, which sleep so soundly as not to hear an apple fall, but sheep are always on hand and devour everything as soon as it touches the ground. The fruit each year grows fairer, with fewer wormy specimens, and the manure, from feeding so much grain, has given a healthy growth to the trees. To prevent the animal gnawing the bark the trunk is washed over once a month with a mixture of soap-suds, whale oil and sheep manure."

Domestic Economy.

CRULLERS.—Three eggs, three table-spoonfuls melted butter, six table-spoonfuls sugar, a piece of soda the size of a pea; mix soft with flour; cut and fry in hot lard.

TEA CAKE.—Break two eggs in a cup; fill this with thick cream; add one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, one-half cup flour; flavor to taste.

BROWN BREAD.—One cup sour milk, two cups sweet milk, three cups corn meal, one cup flour, one-half cup molasses, two teaspoonfuls soda; steam two hours and bake half an hour.

GINGER CAKE.—Three cups of molasses, one cup of sour milk, not quite a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one teaspoonful of ginger, some nutmeg and orange peel.

SPICE CAKES.—Spice cakes to serve with coffee are made of one pound of sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and a pinch of pepper. Stir in flour enough to make dough which can be rolled out; cut out with a plain cookie cutter; let them stand for from ten to twelve hours; then bake.

KING GEORGE'S PUDDING.—One pint of bread crumbs, half a pint flour, tea-spoonful of baking powder sifted in the flour, a little salt, half a pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of chopped suet, coffee-cupful of milk, one egg; tie tightly in a bag and boil three hours; to be eaten with hard sauce.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Take one cupful of molasses, one of sweet milk, half a cupful of grated chocolate, a piece of butter the size of an English walnut. Boil all together, stirring constantly as it boils, for twenty or twenty-five minutes. Try it on snow or ice; if stiff enough, turn into buttered tins and mark into small squares so that they will break apart when cold.

WHITE CREAM CANDY.—One pint of boiling water, two cupfuls of granulated sugar. Boil all together for twenty minutes, adding two table-spoonfuls of cider vinegar when it is put over the fire. Try it on ice or snow; if not brittle enough boil a little longer. Let it cool in a buttered pan till in condition to pull; add vanilla, one or two table-spoonfuls. Pull very white; cut in sticks, and keep in a cold room till next day.

LAYER TEA CAKE.—Rub one cup of sugar and one-half cup of butter to a cream; add the well-beaten whites of three eggs, half a cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour—not heaping cups, but just even full—one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in two layers in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. For the frosting use the yolks of the three eggs, stir in a cup of pulverized sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla; beat for fifteen minutes; then spread between the layers and on the top and sides of the cake.

RYE BREAD.—Take two cups of Indian meal; make in a thick batter with scalding water; when cool add a small cup of white bread sponge, a little sugar and salt and a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved. In this stir as much rye as is possible with a spoon; let it rise until it is very light, then work in with your hand as much rye as you can, but do not knead it, as that will make it hard; put it in buttered bread-tins and let it rise for about fifteen minutes, then bake for an hour and a half, cooling the oven gradually for the last twenty minutes.

THERE had been a seeming coolness between the lovers. One day Emily's schoolmate ventured to refer to the subject, and asked her: "When did you see Charley last?" "Two weeks ago to-night," "What was he doing?" "Trying to get over the fence," "Did he appear to be much agitated?" "So much so," replied Emily, "that it took all the strength of papa's new bulldog to hold him."

"Did you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and donkeys together in Poland?" "Indeed! then it is well that you and I are not there," retorted the Jew.

THE COLORADO DESERT.

Mr. Joseph F. James, who spent some four weeks in traveling over the Colorado desert, in California, gives rather an unpromising account of it in an article communicated by him to the *Popular Science Monthly*.

The desert occupies almost the whole of the large county of San Diego. It is some 150 miles long and fifty miles wide, and the Southern Pacific railroad runs through its center. At about sixty miles from Los Angeles the railroad encounters a very heavy grade, 100 to 110 feet to the mile, and it continues for twenty-two miles. At the summit, known as San Geronimo pass, begins the descent into the desert, and every mile brings you to a more desolate country. At Whitewater Station, twenty miles from the summit, the desert begins in earnest. First a few flowers enliven the scene. Large *Eurothera*, three or four inches in diameter, grow on small stalks five or six inches in height. Large plants of *Albionia maritima*, with clusters of brilliant purple flowers, spread over the ground. A little *Gilia* (*G. lemmontii*), with white corolla and yellow center, adds its beauty to the scene; and the shrub, *Larrea Mexicana*, or "creosote plant," with yellow flowers and sticky leaves and branches, reminds you of the forests you have left behind.

During the seven miles to the next station, Seven Palms, the vegetation gradually thins out. Progressing beyond this the flowers disappear, and the *Cacti* predominate; and further on these are replaced by the stunted "grease wood." Finally, even the latter vanishes, and when Dos Palmas is reached we come to a country where there is absolutely nothing in the shape of vegetation. Every one knows how a well-kept field looks when it has been plowed and harrowed and cultivated until not a stick nor stone nor weed shows itself above ground. In order to form a picture of this part of the Colorado desert, imagine a field such as this extending for miles and miles, level as a floor, with no signs of life visible, and no indications of man's presence save the railroad track and the telegraph poles. Imagine the ground covered with an incrustation of alkali, which, when stepped on, breaks and lets one sink ankle-deep into soft and fine as powder. Picture a gale of wind blowing over the waste, the air filled with fine particles of sand, the sun obscured, and no objects visible 100 feet away, and you will have formed a faint idea of the worst aspect of the desert. It is hard to imagine anything so fearful as the reality; and, unless one can see the ground, and feel the sand, and experience a heat of 120 degrees in the sun, we can have only a poor conception of the desert.

A THRILLING INCIDENT RECALLED.

Mrs. J. M. McTeer, who died at her home in Wytheville, Va., not long ago, was the relic of Col. Piper, who gained a national fame through his perilous feat of climbing the Natural bridge in Rock-bridge county, while a student at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University). During the summer of 1818 he and three other students obtained permission of the President to spend a day from the college, and they went (about twelve miles) to the bridge. As soon as they arrived, in youthful glee they commenced the ascent of the precipitous side of the bridge, and cut figures and names upon the stone. Young Piper espied the name of Washington standing above the thousands of others, and started upward to write his name above that of the first President. He made a laborious ascent, and inscribed his name fifty feet above that of Washington, and continued upward, cutting his footholds with his knife, until he stood 170 feet above his horrified companions, whose entreaties for his return had become more and more difficult for him to hear. From this point he turned for the first time and looked downward, to see that return was impossible, and the advance was almost impossible, since the knife that had carried him so far was worn nearly to the handle. Each moment was one of intense suspense to his companions, who from below watched for, and expected his destruction at any time. Painfully he worked up a few feet higher, until the knife was useless, and he hung seemingly upon the face of the precipice. In that position, between hope and fear, he lived what seemed years, until rescue came in the shape of a lasso, and he was drawn up to the top of the bridge, where he fainted from exhaustion. —*Shenandoah Herald*.

INDIFFERENCE.

With women turbulence is an unfailing proof of interest. If a girl tells you, "I'll never speak to you again in my life—there!" rejoice and return; but if she says, "I shall always be glad to see you at any time," travel. When a woman loves you she will pardon all—even your crimes; but when she no longer loves you she will not even forgive you your virtues.

MORE ex-Senators of remote service are constantly appearing in the newspapers. John P. King, who is now living near Augusta, Ga., is said to have begun his duty as Senator earlier than any other man now in existence. His service began in 1833 and ended in 1837.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Why She Doesn't Count the Years.

In the green-room of a Parisian theater the conversation turned upon the delicate subject of age. Presently a gentleman visitor ventured upon the indiscreet query:

"Now, what age are you, my dear friend?" addressing his remark to Mlle. X., who certainly can no longer be considered in her first youth.

"What a question, indeed!" said the lady; "how can that possibly interest you?"

"Simply curiosity," responded the visitor.

"Well, then, I will be frank with you. Really I don't know. One counts one's money, one's jewels, and one's deeds of value, because it may happen that they could be lost or stolen, but, as I am absolutely certain that nobody will take a year from my age, and that I shall never lose one, why where is the need of counting?" —*London Era*.

Just the Same.

There was a crowd of carriages in front of a church when a man came along, discovered that something was going on, and, leaning against a hitching post, he asked of a pedestrian:

"Was it very sudden?"

"I don't know."

"Presume it was. Well, we've all got to go that way. Do you know, sir, that—that—"

Here his voice broke down and he reached for his handkerchief.

"What's the matter?" inquired the other.

"Young woman's funeral in there."

"That's no funeral; that's a marriage!"

"Marriage! Ah—yes—marriage—I see. Well, it's all the same to me. Give me the young man's name and I'll weep over him!"

Discounting Physiology.

"Your heart," said the lecturer, "beats seventy times a minute." Well, we don't know much about physiology and anatomy, but this heart business depends a great deal. The ordinary heart may be able to get along very comfortably on seventy beats a minute in the day time and at dinner or at church or that sort of thing, but bless your anatomical ideas, doctor, we have stood on the outside of a little, swinging gate, no later than 10 o'clock on a night in June, not saying a word, but just looking at a pair of brown eyes on the other side of the pickets—eyes that paled the starlight—and just waiting for the moon to get under a cloud, and—and—why—why, man alive—seventy times a minute? Seventy times? A minute? Why, even unto seventy times seventy a second would only be an approximate estimate. We never tried to count them, but we know that seventy times a minute wasn't even freight-train time under those circumstances. —*Burdette*.

Revel of Hoop-Skirts.

One of the most alarming announcements in recent foreign news is the re-appearance in Paris and London of the enormous crinoline hoop-skirt. As it has appeared there, it must of course soon appear here. There is no calamity so great, however, that it has not some compensation. It will be the first severe blow at modern estheticism as applied to house-furnishing. The modern house is at present a museum of blue china plates, tea-pots, sugar-bowls, jugs, vases, plaques and crockery in all states of age and dilapidation, beside numerous other flimsy and brittle objects of bric-a-brac, ormolu, bull, bijouterie and vertu, which are not arranged in any order or system, but are piled up and thrown round helter-skelter, and in all sorts of confusion. To navigate safely among them, even with the present limp and clinging styles of drapery, requires great skill and circumspection, but when women envelop themselves in crinoline and go sailing about like balloons, the esthetic stuff has got to be moved or go to everlasting smash. As fashion is the ruling element in the female mind, as between hoops and blue china the latter will have to go.

Etiquette of Making Calls.

The toilet for a ceremonious visit should be quiet, but somewhat more careful and elegant than for a mere walk or drive. The lady who is receiving wears a pretty home dress of handsome silk, when it is cool enough, or in summer of dainty muslin or some soft-falling, thin fabric which suits the summer warmth. She should never wear diamonds or flowers, other than a summer rose or some such trifle stuck carelessly in belt or buttonhole.

The lady of the house always rises to receive her guest, and usually gives her hand, with some cordial expression of greeting, whether the visitor is a lady or a gentleman; but men do not usually take the initiative in shaking hands. The hostess, if possible, addresses a special remark or two to the last comer, and then, if several people are present, she tries to make the conversation general. If her guests are too numerous for this, she is at least careful to talk more or less with each one, and to see that everybody is busy and entertained. While as a rule the courtesy of a hostess

should be as equally distributed as possible, it is quite allowable for her to pay special attention to any very old people who have taken the trouble to come to her, or to any one of special intellectual distinction. If, for instance, Emerson or Longfellow had honored her with a call, she would be readily pardoned for according them more than the ordinary share of her time; while to confer civility upon the rich merely because they are rich is a snobbishness of which a lady who respected her own ladyhood could hardly be guilty.

An introduction during a morning visit commits no one to a farther acquaintance. It is simply a means of putting two guests at ease with each other, and should always be acknowledged courteously at the time and followed by a brief chat.

In America, as in England, it is customary for residents to call on the stranger. The only American exception to this rule is in Washington—a place which has its own social code. Where two people meet pleasantly at a friend's house, one may very properly say to the other: "I hope you will come and see me;" and such an invitation should always be courteously acknowledged, and, if it is desirable to accept it, accepted without any foolish argument as to who should make the first call. It is only the people who have no confidence in themselves or in their own positions who are careful and troubled about the trifles of social life, and afraid of putting their dignity in peril by too much cordiality.

The custom of making formal visits is a necessary social tax, from the payment of which it is impossible for one holding any place in society to escape. Nine times out of ten such a visit is a bore—the tenth time may be as delightful as to chance upon a rose growing under a hedge in February. You come upon somebody who says just the right word, who gives you a fresh thought, a new inspiration, an unexpected glimpse of loveliness of character, and you go away richer and happier for the visit. But one does not every day find roses under hedge-rows, and many of our visits must come into the category of a tax which one finds little more pleasure in paying than in discharging a water rate or a gas bill, but which is just as necessary as either. It would be a sad world in which we knew no one intimately, had no warm surrounding circle of cordial friends; and to know people intimately it is first necessary to know them formally, and to this end morning visits.

A Little Small Talk.

AFTER all, the ladies are best pleased with a bachelor President, for then the Senators' wives get a chance to play at "first lady of the land" in turn.

CHICAGO girls have discovered that by keeping five or six beans in the mouth the voice is given an "old, aristocratic family" accent—something between a fall down stairs and trying to sing with the head in a box.

CERTAIN rich young men of Chicago, who possibly know more about the accumulation of money than they do of etiquette, have engraved on their visiting cards the names of the various clubs to which they belong.

Yes, girls, adopt the new fashion and curl the hair, plait it, tie in a top-knot, anything to do away with the abominable modern bangs. It is, without doubt, the most unbecoming style of hair-dressing ever invented.

A WRITER says that Washington ladies who carry pistols are fastidious about the mountings of the weapons, often paying as much as eighteen dollars for a tiny revolver. Some of them are good markswomen, and they have not yet furnished a single case of didn't-know-it-was-loaded.

A MUSICIAN thus defines the ladies: At 15 years of age a lady is an arpeggio; at 20 years of age a lady is an allegro vivace; at 30 years of age a lady is an accordeo forte; at 40 years of age a lady is an andante; at 50 years of age commences the rondo finale; at 60 years of age it is a tremolo alla sordina.

THERE was nothing peculiar about a recent Toronto wedding up to the point when the married couple quitted the church, then the bride dropped her husband's arm, got into her father's carriage and returned home alone. She refused to see him again, or make any explanation of her conduct.

MRS. JANE G. SWISSELMAN says: "We need a standing army about as much as we need ostrich feathers." If Jane was a giddy young thing of sweet 17, or thereabout, she would say: "We need ostrich feathers ten times more than we need a standing army." Young women can worry along without a standing army, but they must have ostrich feathers.

THE Pot Luck Club, composed of some 500 ladies and gentlemen, had a dinner at Irving Hall, in New York. Ice-cream was the first dish served, and entrees and roasts made up the final service. The waitresses were dressed in costumes medieval, Romanesque and Florentine, and the male waiters were a herd of young Bunthornes and Grosvenors, with flowing blonde wigs and knee-breeches. The bill of fare included in

its designation "Wilde, weird, fleshly, and yet very tender, chowder," "limply clinging pie," "love-sick salad," "too-too-ti-frutti," "early English butter-cup and daisies pudding," "souffly intense tarts," "medieval macaroni," "amaranthine asphodel salad," "Francesca di Rimini fantasies," "fleshy," "precious" and "ecstatic" hams and "hollow-hollow pastry."

And a Little Fun.

CANDY pulls are in fashion again, but they are now called "glucose tensions."

A ST. LOUIS woman gave her arm to a street-corner masher, took him to where her husband was, and the husband wore out the floor with him.

THE Boston papers say the girls in that city have begun to wear police helmets. Then should the Boston papers warn the Boston girls. If they go to imitating the Boston police they will never catch a man.

"Do you enjoy married life?" asked a spinster of a friend who had just returned from her wedding trip. "La, how can I tell?" blushing answered the bride. "I've only been married three months."

It is now fashionable for ladies to be square shouldered. Of course very few ladies are square shouldered nowadays, but the art of the dressmaker here shows up to good advantage. All a dressmaker needs is something that can walk; the rest may be artificial.

JOHNNY (on his way to a party)—"Oh! aunt, won't it be jolly! The fun and the games! Don't you like parties?" Aunt Annie—"Yes, dear, I like the parties, but I don't go so much for such games as you little chaps." Johnny—"Ah, I forgot; the big chaps are the game you go for now!"

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE STORY.

The following anecdote about the famous jurist Story is in private circulation, but is good enough for the public eye. It was prepared for Story's biography by his son, but Charles Sumner, who edited the work, struck it out. The narrative runs like this: In his younger days Story lived in the aristocratic old town of Salem, in Massachusetts. His great ability was not then tempered by as much wisdom as he afterward displayed, and he was looked upon with disfavor by some of the old families. One day Mrs. A. called upon Mrs. B., and in the course of their conversation—there being a seamstress present—Mrs. A. asked Mrs. B. if her daughter was going to the party that evening. "No," was the short reply; "I don't propose to let my daughter go to any place which is frequented by that insignificant young puppy Story." Years afterward, when Story was a Judge on the Supreme bench, he visited Salem, and was warmly welcomed by those who had known him formerly. Among his best friends apparently was Mrs. B., and he accepted her pressing invitation to dinner. Now, in the years which had elapsed, the seamstress had become possessed of a home of her own, to which was attached a garden, with a pear tree, which was just loaded with fine fruit. After the invitation to dinner had been accepted the seamstress received a call from Mrs. B.'s servant, asking her to send up a basket of her excellent pears for dinner, as "Mr. Justice Story, of the Supreme Court of the United States was to be present." The good-natured seamstress sent the pears at once, and with them this message, "Tell your mistress that I am glad that the insignificant young puppy Story has grown to be so fine a dog."

HE MISSED THAT.

Just before the Michigan Third Infantry entered upon the red-hot fight at Fair Oaks a private in one of the companies stepped forward to his Captain and said:

"Captain, are we going to sail in?"

"I expect we are."

"And some of us will get killed?"

"Like as not."

"Then I'd like to speak to the Chaplain a minute."

"What for?"

"I don't feel prepared to die, Captain."

"But you can't leave your company. You must take your chances, whether you are prepared or not. That's what you enlisted for."

"Y-e-s, I s'pose so," drawled the man as he craned his neck to look for rebels down in the woods; "and I was just fool enough to discover that Uncle Sam didn't care a copper where I went to after I'd been shot out of his service! You bet he doesn't get any more recruits from our town till that pint is settled!"

SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

The extinction of slavery in Brazil is proceeding very gradually and it will take more than thirty years to accomplish it. Emancipation began in 1870, but there are still 1,500,000 bondmen in the country.

A FARMER in Bradley county, Ark., caught a wolf by the tail as the animal crept through a fence, and there he braided and hollered and hung on and dug in his toes for a long hour, when a neighbor arrived and ended the contest.